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I Was Afraid and Hid Thy Talent in the Earth.

Hidden away from all use, hidden away while one opportunity after another passed by, no wonder the Master's face grew stern: A coin hidden away while a little child near by cried for hunger, while the people in a far land cried for the Bread of Life. A voice silenced that might have softly comforted the sorrowing, or raised in strong protest might have overpowered the voice of the Tempter and steadied the wavering will. A pen laid down that might have given pleasure to the homesick, or spread the gospel of Christ abroad among the nations. A home kept for self that might have been a resting place for tired bodies and minds. Is there any end to the list one might make. Each of us in our heart knows well the hidden talent, hidden because we are afraid or lazy or wilfully doing what we know is wrong. How will we face the Master. What can we say when He asks us what is our harvest, what we have gathered from the seed he gave us to plant and tend for Him.

'To Keep it Holy.'

In days when the rules were more stringent and the atmosphere more tonic than now, mothers used to lay aside the secular literature of the home, on Saturday afternoon, and on Sunday morning it was not to be found by the most diligent seeker. Reappearing on Monday, it brought with it the appropriate week-day dress and tone, but it did not invade the one sweet and hushed rest-day. On Saturday night, as the mother tucked it away on its shelf, she might have waived her hand and said, 'Beyond these voices there is peace.' Nobody puts it out of sight or mind now; the very children in a thousand homes of other and more sacred traditions look for their own page in the big Sunday newspaper, and the air of sweet and sacred tranquillity has gone from our Lord's day. The people who do not go to church do not spend their hours in any specially religious or spiritually elevating exercises. If they fancy they do, they cheat themselves. After a little they cease to feel uneasiness on the subject, and quite readily yield up the hours that are not their own to the pursuits that are anything but in line with the purpose and meaning of the hallowed day.

What is the manifest obligation of the Christian at home, or in absence, in town, or in country, if in health on the Sabbath day? First and foremost, to attend public worship. By simply doing this, by taking a seat in a pew, by listening to the preacher, by joining in prayer and praise, he or she ranges as an individual on the right side.

Every household should, if possible, have its service of song on the hallowed day. A daughter who can play the piano may lead the rest, either in the morning or the evening, all may gather and sing hymns and psalms to God's praise.

When, by reason of mismanagement, the Sabbath is a gloomy and tedious day for children, a great wrong has been done them. And great is the pity of such a blunder. No day should be so happy, so welcome, so eagerly anticipated, as this one. For one thing, the father is at home, and that ought to make the day a festive one. The mother's morning face should wear a most cheery smile. The house, keyed to melody, should seem brighter than on other days.

Every child in the world loves to hear stories, and on the Sabbath the best and dearest stories should be told, and Bible stories, so sweet, so thrilling, so eternally fresh and so dramatic in their movement. Too many children have a very slight acquaintance with Bible stories now.

Wise mothers do not forbid little children's play on God's day. They must play. The lambs do, and the squirrels and the birds. Why not the babes? But there may be toys reserved for Sundays, blocks and puzzles not used on other days. The little girl need not be forbidden to hold her doll, but children soon learn that Sunday play may be of a quieter, less boisterous order, than the romping of the week.

All social visiting of a purely formal character is inappropriate on the Lord's day. Entertainment of friends which implies ceremony and dress and the pageantry of fashion, is manifestly not in the fashion of worship, nor yet in the line of repose or of spiritual quickening and refreshment. There are other days when people may be asked to dinner, and to the evening company. But the latch-string should be loose for friends who have no other day in which to come, for the young man away from home, for the young girl living among strangers, for the old lady whose life is behind her, and who is spending her declining years in some asylum of charity. An extra plate and cup, for these express Christian hospitality.

Whosoever loves his native land and fears God must be concerned in the question of Sabbath-keeping the whole year round.—Canadian 'Churchman.'

Adjusting Expenses—A True Story.

Brother and Sister Careful were seated by their cozy fire on New Year's Day. They made a careful review of the year's receipts and expenses. The returns had not been what they had expected. The surplus was small. Then they began to talk about the year just beginning, and to lay plans. That which seemed to impress Brother Careful most was that 'there must be retrenchment.' They must economize, and they would as well begin it now as to wait. The sooner begun the better.

'One thing sure, my dear,' said Brother Careful, 'we must cut down some of our expenses; we must spend less this year.'

'Yes,' said his wife, 'we will have to deny ourselves some things which we have enjoyed in the past. I have already begun to think what I shall deny myself.'

'That's the way it has to be,' said her husband, 'and we might just as well decide

what it is we shall cut off, and begin it now.'

So the two sat meditating over their problem. After a few moments the good wife said:

'I have had my heart set on going to see my sister, and I don't see how I can abandon the idea. I haven't seen her in two years; and besides, the trip will be so full of pleasure I don't feel that I can give it up.'

'No, my dear,' said her husband, 'you should, by all means, make that trip. The round trip is only forty dollars, and you certainly can afford that.'

'But the railroad fare is only a part of it,' she replied. 'If I go it will require two or three extra dresses for the occasion, and quite a good lot of accessories.'

'How much extra do you think it will require to fit you out?' he asked.

'Oh, about one hundred and fifty dollars. I think I can make out on that amount.'

'Oh, well,' said her husband, 'if that is all, then we will count that as part of the year's plans. Is there nothing else you think of, my dear.'

'Well, our surrey has been in use now two years, and the polish is about all gone. It looks as though we will just have to sell it, and buy a new one. Why, I am really ashamed to ride in it, and especially since the Highfliers have such a lovely one.'

'Yes, indeed, we must have a new surrey. I couldn't think of you driving to the club meetings in that old trap, and stopping it alongside the Highfliers' carriage. No, indeed, we'll get a new one. We can get a new one with the old one and two hundred dollars.'

'Well, we will count that settled,' said his wife. So they went over a good long list of things in which she was most interested, and found none that could be dispensed with, though some of them were pretty expensive.

They next took up the case of Brother Careful, to see what he could deny himself of, that expenses might be cut down. The trip to the grand lodge must be made. He simply could not think of cutting that out. He hadn't missed a session in six years, and though it usually cost him about seventy-five to a hundred dollars, he got his money's worth in pleasure. A long list was gone over, and nearly everything seemed to be that it 'just must be.' He could not give up his membership in the fishing and hunting club; he must keep up his lodge dues; his cigars and tobacco were necessities that could not be dispensed with, and it began to look as though the economy and retrenchment could not be inaugurated.

After some moments of silence he spoke up, saying: 'Wife, I have been thinking of our church expenses. It seems to me we have been altogether too profligate in that matter. Why, last year I paid our preacher twenty-five dollars, and gave five dollars for missions, and Brother Closefist, who is worth twice as much as I am, only gave twenty dollars all told.'

'Yes, but there was Sister Goodly, who isn't worth half as much as you, and she gave over fifty dollars.'

'I know,' he said, 'but Sister Goodly is something of a fanatic in matters of that sort, and women are not supposed to rank one in business matters.'

So the two sat and talked the matter over at great length, and finally decided to cut their contributions to the church expenses in half, and to stop their church paper, because times were so hard they 'simply could not afford it.'—'Christian Courier.'

The readers of the NORTHERN MESSENGER will confer a great favor on the publishers by always mentioning the NORTHERN MESSENGER when replying to any advertiser who uses its columns—and the advertiser will also appreciate it.

Sample Copies.

Any subscriber who would like to have specimen copies of the 'Northern Messenger' sent to friends can send the names with addresses and we will be pleased to supply them, free of cost. Sample copies of the 'Witness' and 'World Wide' will also be sent free on application.

The Young Man.

What a tide of youthful energy surges through the world. What an amount of resistless vim is chronicled in the newspapers every day in connection with the various games and sports in which young men engage! The normal young man is chokefull of energy. Many a stagnant business has been made to pulsate with new life by hitching it on to youthful vigor. Does the church get sufficiently the advantage and impulse of the energies of young men? If not, whose is the fault? How is it in your congregation? What can be done next fall in the matter.—'Presbyterian.'

[For the 'Northern Messenger.']

The Victorian India Orphan Society.

The following translation of a Hindu letter, written by one of the girls in our Orphanage at Dhar, Central India, will interest many:

My dear Mem Sahiba,—I am here getting on quite well by the grace of God, and hoping same for you. We are having prayer-meeting every evening, for the blessing of the Holy Spirit, and I have given my heart to Jesus Christ. There is a new schoolroom building in our compound, and it has been opened by His Highness of Dhar State, and we sang three hymns, and all the people were pleased with us. And on our dear Miss Sahiba's birthday we got new saris (an outer garment), and she grant us one day leave for the picnic; our dear Miss Sahiba (Dr. Margaret O'Hara) love us very much, and we also love her very much. Now I close this with love and respects from

Yours obediently daughter,
JUGRI.

It is now four years since the present Orphanage building was opened; it stands on a fresh grant of land, the ten acres previously given by the late Maharajah being required by the Government. Speaking of the cultivation of this new ground, Dr. O'Hara says: 'I wish you could have seen the girls planting cayenne pepper yesterday. One of the boys ploughed furrows, and the girls followed, putting in the plants, in a few moments filling a row the length of the field, the mali (gardener) being there to direct them; in the four years our trees have done very well. The guavas and custard-apples are now bearing fruit; the rose bushes in bloom are a splendid show, and with the flower beds in front of the new schoolbuilding, and the pretty shade trees, cork and neem make the place very attractive. As for the children, I think we have the healthiest lot I have ever seen in an Orphanage, largely owing, under Providence, to their leading such a simple outdoor life. When the girls are not busy with other work they are all trying to finish new skirts to wear on Sunday; girls in India thinking of their dress just as their fairer sisters in Canada do . . . .' A while ago three little girls, thinking they had a grievance, ran away towards their old homes in the jungle, but were glad to be overtaken and brought back. When asked what they did, as they went from village to village, they replied, 'We sang hymns and told the Gospel story,' which shows they have deep in their hearts the love of Jesus and His Word. The girls have made great progress in learning to sing by the Tonic Sol Fa method; they can sing ordinary music at sight, and have learned a number of two-part hymns, etc., taking the soprano and alto very nicely. Referring to the boys' industrial work, we are told: 'We have at present more orders for work than we can attend to, and this is only the beginning. With another workshop in prospect we have every hope that we shall do great things in this direction before long.' Will those of our subscribers who are in arrears kindly remit as soon as possible to the Treasurer, as owing to the holiday season fees have come in very slowly lately, making it impossible to send the usual remittances to India when due, which must be most discouraging to the missionaries in charge; also our special subscription for the children's Christmas Treat, to which they look forward all the year round, should be sent to India in October, so the Treasurer hopes to receive an extra trifle for this purpose; if those who support orphans will give an extra dollar, a sufficient amount will be raised.

Further information about this work may be obtained from the Sec.-Treasurer, Mrs. Crichton, 142 Langside St., Winnipeg.

A Genuine Opportunity.

When a new publication makes its appearance the publishers count on making for a very short time some sweeping reductions in the way of special prices for induction purposes. Naturally, the price will not stay at these low figures very long, as they involve great sacrifice; and the public at large will do well to seize such a chance of entering their name on the new list as FIRST YEAR SUBSCRIBERS.

The special rate arranged for all subscribers to the 'Witness' publications in regard to the new illustrated monthly, 'The Canadian Pictorial,' is 50 cents for 1907—the rest of 1906 being included free. This rate must be remitted with the FIFTY CENT COUPON on Page 16. This is only half the regular annual subscription rate, and our subscribers will do well to take advantage of this coupon promptly.

THE CANADIAN PICTORIAL

THE COST
will be $1,000 Per Issue.

The cost of the Canadian Pictorial will aggregate about a thousand dollars for the first issue and will increase as the publication grows in size and circulation. Pictures cost a great deal, and the class of pictures that are to be given cost more than the illustrations in ordinary illustrated publications. Close touch is to be maintained with the leading photographers all over the world, and frequently several dollars will be paid for a single photograph, while a good many more dollars are required by the various processes of reproduction, all involving expert workmanship and first-class material.

THE CONTENTS
1,000 Square Inches of Pictures.

It is determined to outdo every illustrated publication of which the publishers have any knowledge, and the illustrations of the first issue will occupy over a thousand inches of space. Dealing with all kinds of subjects, they will offer a volume and variety of interest hitherto unparalleled in journalism. Besides the pictures there will be fashion hints and other features of interest—not excepting the high-class illustrated advertising, which will be of great value to our subscribers, and which will assist in making the subscription much below the actual cost—a great advantage to subscribers.

THE QUALITY
Best of everything.

Fine, heavy enamelled cream paper will be used throughout. New types, the best of presses and expert workmanship, will ensure the best of results.

THE NEWS COMPANIES
Delighted with new publication.

The news companies and dealers and agents who have looked into the publication, predict for it a very large and popular sale on the news stands. Indeed, so great is the demand that the first issue will likely exceed 14,000 copies.

FOREIGN POSTAGE INCLUDED.

The dollar rate includes postage all over the world, and many will order it sent to friends at home and abroad instead of sending other Christmas or New Year's presents.

See the more general announcement elsewhere.

BOYS AND GIRLS

You'll Reap What You Sow.

Be careful what you sow, my boy,
  For seed that's sown will grow,
And what you scatter, day by day,
  Will bring you joy or woe.
    For sowing and growing,
    Then reaping and mowing,
Are the surest things e'er known;
    And the sighing and crying,
    And sorrow undying,
Will never change seed that is sown.

Be watchful of your words, my boy,
  Be careful of your acts,
For words can cut and deeds bring blood,
  And wounds are stubborn facts.
    Whether sleeping or weeping,
    Or weary watch keeping,
The seed that is sown will still grow;
    The rose bring new roses,
    The thorn tree discloses,
Its thorn as an index of woe.

Be careful of your friends, my boy,
  Nor walk and mate with vice;
'The boy is father to the man';
  Then fly when sins entice!
    The seed one is sowing,
    Through time will be growing,
And each one must gather his own;
    In joy or in sorrow,
    To-day or to-morrow,
You'll reap what your right hand has sown.
—'Presbyterian Witness.'

The Little Light.

A little boy was visiting at a lighthouse. He had come with his mother that morning in a row boat, and all day had been delighted with the strange and new things in the home on the rocks.

'But the night will be the most interesting time of all,' he said to his mother.

When the darkness began to gather, his uncle stood at the foot of the narrow, winding stairs, and said—

'Come up with me.'

Freddy was surprised, for in uncle's hand there was no big, blazing light—just a candle burning away with its tiny flame.

'Why are you going into the glass-room? asked the little fellow.

'I am going to show the ships out at sea where the harbor is,' answered the uncle.

'No ship could see such a little light,' said the disappointed boy. But by that time they were in the glass-room, and a great light was streaming across the sea. The little candle had lighted the big lamp. You cannot shine very far for Jesus, perhaps, but keep your little light bright, and trust Him to make use of it.—'Temperance Leader.'

We Can Do It.

If the evil one sows tares in our hearts we can pull out the seeds before they grow.

If we are alert and brave, we can prevent his sowing them in us at all.

And by watching we can help to keep in the whole field of the husbandman good wheat alone.

'They'll Find the Same.'

Martha Baker turned a flushed and troubled face toward the open hall door in response to a cheery call. Round her stood the heap of her household goods—a confusion of boxes and barrels and crates.

'O Grandma Dean,' she cried, 'I am so glad to see you! Come in, if you can get in, and sit down. Things are in a perfect mess, and I am so discouraged about it all! But I am always glad to see you.'

Grandma Dean, with her sweet, placid face under the soft waves of white hair, was beloved of all the village.

'Why are you discouraged, dear?' she asked, as Martha paused. 'It's all for the best, isn't it? And this new position is really just what Jim has wanted for years.'

'Yes, But, grandma, to leave everybody who has known me since I was a baby—all the dear friends, not to speak of mother and the girls; to sell our pretty little home when we have only lived in it a year; to go so far away to a strange city, where we don't know a soul—' The tears stole down Martha's face as she concluded, 'Of course I don't say so to Jim, but sometimes I just hate it!'

'Martha,' asked Mrs. Dean, 'did I ever tell you the story of the old Quaker? When I was married and we moved away from my old home it was told to me. It has helped me many times since. You see,' she continued, 'this good old man was one day driving to a distant town, and as he was going quietly along he met a man driving a large moving-waggon on which were piled his household goods.

'"Thee is moving, friend?' asked the Quaker.

'"We had to," the man replied, sourly. "We had to get out of the neighborhood. Such contemptible meanness as we found in that community seems almost incredible."

'"Friend," answered the old man, sadly, "thee'll find the same where thee is going."

'A little farther on he met another man with a similar load, and addressed the driver as before.

'"Yes," answered the man, "I'm sorry to say so. We're leaving the best neighbors a family ever had. We'll never find such friends again."

'"Oh, yes," answered the old Quaker, with a smile, "thee'll find the same wherever thee is going."'

The kindly old eyes, which had looked long and wisely on human nature and had found it the same everywhere, now gazed tenderly at Martha.

'Thank you, grandma,' answered the young wife, quietly. 'From now on I'll look only for good people wherever we may go.' —'Youth's Companion.'

Priscilla's Dilemma.

(Marie Deacon Hanson, in the 'Girl's Companion.')

'Prisca, hurry and dress, and come for a drive.'

'You come indoors for a few minutes, Nathalie,' Priscilla answered, smiling from the open window at her cousin, seated in her dog cart. As the visitor joined her, Priscilla added: 'Huldah is visiting Susie Price in Watertown, and mamma says I may give a luncheon for the girls next week.'

'How delightful!' Nathalie exclaimed, following her cousin into the library.

'Apartment dining-rooms are not built to accommodate large parties, and I can only entertain about eight of the girls,' Priscilla went on a trifle regretfully.

'Eight is a comfortable number,' Nathalie suggested. 'Hurry and dress, dear. I want to take you to see the violets out Arlington way; we can talk as we drive.'

'I might have been dressed and have had the invitations written, if I hadn't lazed the morning away,' Priscilla confessed. 'Do you wonder that mamma sometimes call me Procrastinator Popham? It is "the sin that doth so easily beset" me.' Priscilla opened a desk and added: 'You write so beautifully, Thalie; do write the invitations for me while I go dress?'

Nathalie good-naturedly consented. Priscilla handed her a sheet of paper on which she had scribbled the names and addresses of the girls to be invited, together with a rough sketch of the invitation, and disappeared.

Priscilla was a small creature, spite of her sixteen and a half years, and when she presently appeared, she seemed a veritable fairy in the fluffiest of soft, white dresses. Her big blue eyes looked out smilingly from beneath the broad-brimmed hat of white embroidery and delicate pink roses that crowned her head of gold. Nathalie sealed the last invitation and arose.

'Hail, Queen of the Spring!' she cried, making a deep curtesy. 'With your majesty's permission, we will mail the invitations at the corner, and then for a drive in your majesty's own domain!'

The week of the luncheon was a holiday for the young ladies in Miss Carleton's private school. Priscilla, having planned to spend Monday morning putting her room in order, Priscilla-like was easily tempted, instead, to go in quest of violets, nor did she return in time to decorate the place-cards for her guests, as she had intended. However, she comforted herself thinking she would have plenty of time on Tuesday and Wednesday, the luncheon being on Thursday.

Nine o'clock Tuesday morning found Priscilla still in bed, sleepyhead that she was! Not even the bird singing joyously on her window-sill had power to lure her from her soft nest, and there she lay, half awake, half asleep, when her mother entered, holding an open letter in her hand.

'It's from your Aunt Kate,' Mrs. Popham said, raising the blinds. 'She is coming in on the nine o'clock train, and asks me to meet her at Parker's to select a coat for grandma. Hannah is ironing, though she is suffering dreadfully with toothache, and I was just urging her to go to the dentist when the letter came.'

'Why did you let me sleep so long, mamsie?' Priscilla cried, springing out of bed. 'You hurry right off, dear. I'll wash the dishes and tend to things while Hannah goes to the dentist.'

'I wish you would, Prisca,' Mrs. Popham replied, with evident relief. 'I'll lunch with Aunt Katie down town, so don't wait for me.'

Priscilla ran out in her little bare feet, and bade Hannah go at once to the doctor. Then she took her bath, made a leisurely semi-toilet, and sat down to her breakfast and the newspaper. It was after eleven o'clock when Priscilla finally arose and began to gather the dishes together. And, at this moment, the front door bell rang.

'It can't be a caller so early,' Priscilla said, looking in dismay at the long, faded blue kimono she had donned as good enough in which to wash dishes and dust. 'It must be a peddler.' A second peal sounded as she deliberated. The next moment, Priscilla opened the door, then stepped back, gasping. Three radiant visions in white confronted her.

'We came unfashionably ealy, Prisca, because Huldah was so anxious to see you,' Nathalie said smilingly. 'Susie and she called for me on their way from the train.'

'You dear!' Huldah cried, taking the shrinking Priscilla into her arms and smothering her with kisses. 'Never mind if you aren't ready. We can talk while you are dressing.'

'But the luncheon isn't to-day; it's Thursday,' Priscilla said miserably.

'I'm sure the invitation read Tuesday,' Susie replied.

Priscilla ushered her guests into the library, fortunately tidy, and broke into a cold perspiration at thought of the other guests soon to arrive, and the condition of the other rooms.

'I must see for myself,' she murmured, slipping down on her knees beside the waste basket and searching feverishly for a coveted slip of paper. 'If only it were Nathalie's fault. But no! Here was the slip, and in her own handwriting the day—Tuesday. She had dashed off the copy hurriedly at the last minute, and had written Tuesday unthinkingly.

'Never mind if a mistake has been made Prisca. It isn't the luncheon we care about, it's the visit with you,' Huldah said lovingly.

'Effie Carruthers always has things so elegant at her house, and this was going to be the nicest luncheon I've ever given,' Priscilla groaned. 'Oh, dear!' A sob threatened to develop into tears, till Priscilla suddenly remembered that something was due the guests already assembled. The next moment she straightened and went on bravely, spite of the tremble in her voice: 'Girls, I invited you to a luncheon, with hand-

painted cards and—and things. But you've come to a plain lunch, and to that you are very welcome. I'm going to make it ready now, and get dressed.'

'We'll help you,' Nathalie cried.

'It will be much more fun than finding everything ready,' supplemented Susie.

Priscilla despatched Nathalie to the delicatessen store, a few blocks away, to buy whatever she could find that was nice. By the time the four other guests arrived, the rooms were in order, the meal on the table, and Priscilla dressed, though looking a little red around her eyes.

The girls apparently enjoyed to the full their plain lunch, and were as merry as bees in clover. Not so Priscilla. Hours later, she pillowed her aching head on her mother's bosom and whispered in her ear the story of the day's event. And she added fervently:

'It was just dreadful, trying to smile, and make believe things were as they should have been. Oh, mumsie, dear, Procrastinator Popham left your home forever to-day.'

Good Resolutions.

To be neat.
To do honest work.
To be master of myself.
To learn to love good books.
To not even shade the truth.
To be punctual in all things.
To never spend more than I earn.
To not acquire another bad habit.
To not let my temper control me.
To be cheerful and enjoy harmless fun.
To read my Bible and pray every day.
To be agreeable and companionable.
To not become habitually suspicious.
To do right though the heavens fall.'
To know well some honest business.
To not write a letter when I am angry.
To not overrate nor undervalue myself.
To not be a whining, fault-finding pessimist.
To neither work nor play half-heartedly.
To be courteous to old people and to women.—'Morning Star.'

Why William Did Not Eat His Ranch.

(Elizabeth Price, in the 'Herald Presbyter.')

'Mamma, Mrs. Beau asked me to go to the grocery store for her, so I did, and when I came back she gave me a nickel, and I bought some candy, and here's a piece for you,' and Billy held out a somewhat sticky hand with a fat chocolate peppermint in its palm.

Before mamma could speak, a voice from the hammock called out, 'Come here, old man.'

Billy jumped, then ran to burrow his head into a pair of outstretched arms, exclaiming delightedly, 'It's Uncle Billy, oh, goody! Why, who knew you were here?'

'I did. Arrived about thirty minutes ago. How goes it, Kiddy?'

'Firs' rate. Have a choc'late?'

'No, thank you. I want to preach a sermon to you with those same candies for a text. It'll be short, old man, but I want you to remember it, and if you are a very attentive listener, I may take you to see the baseball game this afternoon.

'Once upon a time'—

'That's fairy stories, Uncle Billy— that ain't any more sermons than anything,' laughed the boy.

Uncle Billy smiled drollingly. 'Is it possible!' he exclaimed? Well, since I have so discriminating an audience we'll call it a lecture, which gives one much more liberty.

'As I was going to remark, I once knew a boy about your age and size, and unless I have entirely forgotten he had also a curly head and black eyes. Then, too, his name would have been Billy if his mother hadn't insisted on making folks think it was William. This boy did an errand for a neighbor, who gave him a nickel. Thus far you and William are much alike, but later there is a difference.

'As old Mr. Dill handed William the round, shining coin, he said, "Don't waste it, lad. Invest it and see how much you can make.

'William had intended to invest it as soon as possible, probably in peppermint lozenges,' which were fashionable in those days, but Mr. Dill's words put a new idea in his head. He trotted home to talk things over with mother, which is usually a pretty safe thing to do, and after solemn deliberation he went to the store and spent his money for—guess what?—a paper of radish seed. These he planted in a little bed that mother showed him how to prepare.

'Then he went on as usual, eating and sleeping, playing and studying, but the seeds were busy all the time.

'After the spring rains and sunshine had done their work, at last the crisp, red radishes were ready to pull, and fine ones they were, too. He sold his crop for fifty cents, with which he bought a pair of White Leghorn chickens from a farmer friend who didn't charge him fancy prices, and the pretty biddy laid him a fine egg the very next day.

Mother promised to buy all his eggs at market prices, and whenever he had delivered a dozen he collected his pay. He kept careful count, too.

'As fast as he got a quarter saved he bought another hen until he had six beauties, besides his handsome red-combed rooster, and of course the more hens he got the faster his egg money grew. He saved it till he had one dollar and twenty-five cents, with which he got a little spotted, curly-tailed pig. After that he had to buy some food for his squealer, though mother gave him table scraps and skim milk, which was a great help.

'It took a whole year to make that fellow what he ought to be, but when he had grown to be a big fat giant, William sold him, and put ten dollars in the bank. With part of this money he bought another little pig, and a year later had enough to buy a fine Jersey calf. This he raised on milk that the pig no longer needed because then there wasn't any pig. And in less than two years more he had a fine young cow with a Jersey calf of her own.

'Well, Kiddy, the last time I saw William—he's a man now—he owned a big ranch out West, with a fine herd of blooded cattle on it. He's got some good city property and some money in the bank, and on my honor as a gentleman, the whole lot grew out of that first nickel. No, indeed, this isn't any make-believe. Yes, sir, it's honest, truly.

'Now, what I want to ask is this. What would William own to-day if he'd spent that nickel for peppermint lozengers?'

'I don't know,' confessed Billy, twisting his candy bag up tight. Somehow his chocolates did not taste at all as they had at first.

'No, you don't know—neither do I. He might have gotten a start some other way, and he might not. But wouldn't it have been a pity to run the risk?'

'I guess it would,' assented Billy, gazing on a bed of weeds that could much better have been devoted to radishes if he'd only known sooner.

'Doesn't it look rather wasteful to spend a house, a ranch, a herd of cattle and a bank account, all for one dozen sweeties that you're better off without?'

Billy gasped. 'Oh, but nobody ever'—

'Yes,' insisted his uncle. 'That's what William would have done if he'd bought his lozenges, and it might be what you did fifteen minutes ago. Now, see here, Kiddy. Don't look solemn, for it isn't too late to begin, even at your age. Pull every weed out of mother's flower beds and I'll give you a quarter to invest, and help you decide what to do with it.

'But don't let yourself be so foolish as to run the risk of packing a fortune down your throat by wasting your odd pennies for trash. Uncle Billy knows what he's talking about, Kiddy, because—well, he happened to be William himself.'

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The Land of Anyhow.

Beyond the isle of What's-the-use,
Where Slipshod Point is now,
There used to be, when I was young,
The land of Anyhow.

Don't Care was king of all this realm;
A cruel king was he!
For those who served him with good heart
He treated shamefully.

When boys and girls their tasks would slight,
And cloud poor mother's brow,
He'd say, 'Don't care; it's good enough;
Just do it anyhow!'

But when in after life they longed
To make proud Fortune bow,
He let them find that Fate ne'er smiles
On work done anyhow.

For he who would the harvest reap
Must learn to use the plough,
And pitch his tent a long, long way
From the land of Anyhow.

—Selected.

A Gentle Call.

Sometimes the Christian life begins very simply, especially with the young. Among those who have been under good influences in the home, the church, the Sabbath school, and have been living sweet and gentle lives, free from grosser forms of evil, it is unreasonable to expect any violent 'experience' or marked change in the outward manner of living. Failing to recognize this fact many parents continue to wrestle with the Lord in prayer for the conversion of their children long after the change has really taken place; while the children and young people themselves, on account of the same mistaken impression, continue long in strong efforts and deep, unsatisfied longings to become Christians after God had indeed accepted them and they are actually living devotedly in his service.

It is well for us all to recognize how simply and quietly the Christian life sometimes begins.

A thoughtful girl of 16 years, lived in the country at a distance from the church, which made attendance irregular. She had read, on a Sabbath, the memoir of a Christian woman. On closing the volume, she said to herself, 'That was a beautiful life.' And after a little thought, she added, 'And I should like to live such a life.' A few minutes later she kneeled down and said, 'Lord, I will try from this time.' The decision was made. She went on steadily, and is still a useful and influential Christian woman, honored and beloved, and widely known for her beautiful and devout character.—G. B. F. Hallock, D.D.

A Little Boy's Politeness.

It was raining. An aged lady, who had crossed by ferry from Brooklyn to New York, looked wistfully across the street to the car she wanted to take. She had no umbrella; her arms were full of bundles. A shabby little fellow, carrying a cheap but good umbrella, stepped up. 'May I see you across, ma'am?'

'Thank you, dear.'

Across the street, she handed him five cents. He declined it, blushing, yet looking as if he wanted it. The lady was interested. She drew him under an awning, and questioned him, to find that his having this umbrella was a bit of childish enterprise to help his mamma. He had paid the seventy-five cents in his savings-bank for it, and

had already taken in thirty cents by renting his umbrella to gentlemen, who, like herself, left their umbrellas at home.

'You're the first old lady,' he said, with childhood's candor, 'that I've taken across—and—I don't think mamma would like me to charge you.'

'A child of the poor,' thought his questioner, 'but I know from his ways that his mother is a lady, and a good woman.'—Unidentified.

Influence.

(The Rev. James Learmount, in the 'British Congregationalist.')

The most important things in life are the things that cannot be seen. Among these none are more important than our personal influence. It is a tremendous power. You know how real it is. You find yourself asking, What will so-and-so say about this, that and the other thing? Sometimes you have done wrong things because you have not the courage to stand the opinion or the scoffs of another. That other had great power, great influence over you. A sneer from one such made you a coward.

Others have just the opposite effect You feel when you are with some of your companions, or some people, that you must not and cannot do wrong. It would be too mean to offend these by anything shabby or sinful. There is something about them that influences you. You yourself produce one or other of these effects upon others. You cannot help it. Influence is simply your life, yourself making itself felt.

Robert Louis Stevenson has a little poem about a shadow. He says:—

'I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see.
He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the head;
And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed.

'The funniest thing about him is the way he likes to grow—
Not at all like proper children, which is always very slow;
For he sometimes shoots up taller, like an india-rubber ball,
And he sometimes get so little there's none of him at all.

'He hasn't got a notion of how children ought to, play,
He can only make a fool of me in every sort of way,
He stays so close beside me, he's a coward you can see.
I'd think shame to stick to nursie as that shadow sticks to me!

'One morning very early, before the sun was up,
I rose and found, the shining dew on every buttercup;
But my lazy little shadow, like an arrant sleepy-head,
Had stayed at home behind me and was fast asleep in bed.'

But that is not true of your self and the shadow you cast. That is always there, and always at work.

Michael Angelo, it is said, never worked on a statue or a painting without having fastened to his artist's cap on his forehead a lighted candle. He did not want the slightest shadow of himself to fall upon his work. You cannot live and do your work like that. You are casting shadows, bright or dark, everywhere and upon all with whom you come in contact. The only thing we can do is to be good, then we need not dread our shadow's effect upon others.

It is said that the things we do unconsciously are the best index of what we are in character and life. But it is what we really are that tells. There is going out from us always just the influence of what we are. We live our lives, often without thought, but somehow we manage to impress ourselves—not our words and deeds so much—but what we really are, upon others. We do not try to do this, but there goes out from us a feeling, a something, and it says to all, that is what I am.

You cannot account for the feeling you have about some people; they say one thing and you really feel another thing; they do a deed, and you feel that the deed has not really been done with the whole heart. It was done in fact, but you felt that the personality of the performer was not in it. You feel that at school. There are some boys and girls you never trust, although they never seem to do wrong; but in you there is nothing which responds to their actions or their words. There are others to whom you tell all that is in your heart, all your secrets, all your troubles; you feel there is a real response in them and you are helped and cheered.

It is the same with Jesus. He is still living, as we know well when we pray. There comes to us an answering heart-beat, a voice at times, and we realize that something still comes from Jesus that moves us. We often sing—

'Come, Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Let us Thine influence prove.'

So that God is just like ourselves, only greater; there is an influence coming from Him to us, as there is an influence going out from us to others. Our responsibility in life is the responsibility that is laid upon us to be good. If we are good, we will have good influence; if evil, our influence will be bad.

I read a sweet allegory once. It told how there was once a lovely young princess who was greatly admired. The sight that most charmed people was when she drove out. Behind her carriage rode a troop of most beautiful youths and maidens, on wonderful milk-white steeds. One day the princess was asked who these youths and maidens were, and from whence they came. She answered, startled, that she did not know; she had never seen them, nor knew they followed her.

Next day, when she drove out, she looked behind her, but saw no one. The crowd, however, shouted enthusiastically, 'Behold the wonderful train!'

An old aunt of the princess possessed a wonderful power, in fact she was almost a witch. The puzzled princess went and asked her aunt, 'Who are these strange, beautiful creatures that ride after me wherever I go?'

'These, my love,' said the old lady, 'are all your lovely deeds. Every good and pure action follows you in the guise of a glorious life, the more fairy guardians will be with you!'

And so it is, boys and girls, that, like the pretty princess, you may have a band of fairies following you. Every good thought, every beautiful deed, every loving action will remain with you and follow you, and although you cannot see them, they are there. Strive hard not to be followed by dark and ugly spirits; but by pure and beautiful ones.

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The School of Life.

(L. S. Redmayne, in 'Chambers's Journal.')

Life is but School—with wider walls than ours,
With harder tasks, and longer working hours.

Life is but School—we're learning all the time,
New work unfolding as we upward climb.

Life is but School extended—day by day
The lessons deeper and less time for play.

Life is but School—with teachers more severe,
Its training rougher, and its books less clear.

Life is but School—its term seems oftentimes long,
And all too brief its intervals for song.

Life is but School—and, with the term complete,
We lay its trophies at the Master's feet.

Life is but School—but when in Home we stand
We'll take the prizes at our Father's hand.

A Reflected Fault.

It is often true that the failings we criticise with utmost freedom and severity in our friends are but duplicates of our own faults. We are, however, singularly blind to these same defects in our own characters, and we are most uncharitable in our criticism of failings that would become apparent to us as harmful possessions of our own, if we ever took ourselves to task for our own shortcomings.

'I don't like Hattie B—— at all,' Mabel said in an irritable tone, to her mother.

'Why not?' was the reply.

'Oh, she's very sarcastic; and, if there is anything I do dislike, it's sarcasm!'

A few moments later Mabel's brother exclaimed in a tone of triumph:

'Hurrah! I have done all of the ten examples in arithmetic given me for my home lesson!'

'Oh, how very smart we are!' said Mabel, in a tone of extreme irritation, caused by the fact that none of her problems were solved, and she doubted if she could get them.

Five minutes later her sister Marion held up a hat she had been trimming for herself, and said brightly:

'There! I think that looks very neat and pretty, don't you, Mabel.'

'Oh, it's a perfect work of art!' was the reply. "Why don't you offer it to Madame Virotte as a pattern hat?".

Marion, who was a sweet tempered girl, only laughed, although the sarcastic fling hurt her not a little.

Lotty, another sister of Mabel's, spread a tidy she had just completed on the back of a chair and asked:

'Isn't that lovely, girls? I'm quite proud of it, for you know that it is entirely my own design.'

'You ought to have it patented, or copy-

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righted, or whatever is necessary to keep the world at large from imitating your triumph of genius,' said Mabel.

Even Harold, the 'baby' of the family, a little fellow of eight or nine years, came in for a share of his sister's merciless sarcasm. He had produced a wonderful 'bouquet' on a sheet of white paper with his box of paints.

'See my flowers!' he cried with childish delight. Arn't they beautiful?'

'Oh, marvellous!' said Mabel. 'You're bound to be the chief artist of your day.'

Jane, the cook, had made some delicious rolls for tea, and the other members of the family were kindly praising them in her presence, when Mabel said acridly:

'There never was anything quite like them Jane. If Delmonico should hear of you, we would soon be minus a cook.'

'Mabel,' said her mother, 'didn't you say before tea, that you disliked Hattie B——?'

'Yes, I did, and I never shall like her. Her sarcasm is simply unendurable.'

'Then you ought to like her, for you have much in common. Everything you have said this evening has fairly bristled with sarcasm. It is your chief fault. It crops out every day of your life. I wonder that you are not aware of so marked a failing in yourself, when you see it so clearly and condemn it so sharply in others.'—J. L. Harbour.

The Thing Worth While.

I know that many of you are puzzled to know in what direction you can start to help Christ to help the world. Let me say this to you in that connection: Once I came to a crossroads in the old life and did not know in what direction God wanted me to help hasten His kingdom. I started to read the Book to find out what the ideal life was, and I found that the only thing worth doing in the world was to do the will of God; whether that was done in the pulpit or in the slums; whether it was done in the college or class room, or on the street, did not matter at all. 'My meat and drink,' Christ said, 'is to do the will of Him that sent Me,' and if you make up your mind that you are going to do the will of God above everything else, it matters little in what direction you work. There are more posts waiting for men than there are men waiting for posts. Christ needs men in every community and in every land; it matters little whether we go to foreign lands or stay at home as long as we are sure we are where God puts us.—Henry Drummond.

His Mother's Friend.

'Why do you take so much pains to make that call?' asked one college fellow of another during the recent holidays. 'You know you'd have a lot better time at the concert, and I want you to go with me. You know I do.'

'Yes, old fellow, I know it, and I want to go with you; but you see it's this way. I promised my mother I'd call on this old friend of hers, and the friend is expecting me. This is really the only time I can go, and I know they'll both be awfully disappointed if I don't. You see, they were chums when they were young like us, and I've heard about this Mrs. Brown all my life, and, of course, she has about me. You see how it is. I can't help going; and then I always enjoy meeting my mother's friends.'

It was only a little thing for this college fellow to lose a concert in order to give pleasure to an older person, but it is just such little things that many young folks carelessly leave undone without realizing how much happiness the attentions would give.

It was only the other day that a good woman with beaming face called out to a friend who was passing: 'Come in and let me show you something,' and with genuine happiness she displayed a photograph of a young man and another of a college room. 'Just think,' she said, 'John Graves sent me a beautiful letter, and sent me these because he said he thought I might like to see how he looked, and what kind of a room he was living in. Wasn't it lovely in him? For I haven't seen him since he was a boy, and he just did it because I'm a friend of his mother. Every time I look at these pictures they'll make me happy, for it's so sweet to be remembered!'

Oh, if you could have seen that radiant face, you would constantly be on the lookout for opportunities to give happiness, not to your father's and mothers' friends alone, but to older people generally; for the things which mean so little to you often mean a great deal to them.—'Wellspring.'

The Selfish Girl.

'Mabel, put down your book, and help me a few moments,' called a mother to her young daughter.

Mabel read on, without seeming to hear. Presently her mother called her again.

'Yes, mamma,' said Mabel, 'I'll be down in just a moment.'

The time went on, and presently the mother called a third time.

'Please let me finish this chapter,' called Mabel.

The mother did not answer, but tired as she was, she did the work alone. Not being called again, Mabel decided that her mother did not want her, and bent over her book with renewed interest. She kept her room all the morning, and did not think of her mother and the work down-stairs. Mabel did not mean to be entirely selfish. She did not understand how much her mother needed her help. She thought only of her own pleasure, and was inclined to be cross and fretful if interfered with.

There are hundreds of such girls. They do not mean to be wholly selfish; no doubt they think they love their mothers, but they love their own way also.

Girls, God gives you but one mother. See to it that you show your love for her in a way that will gladden her heart and lighten her cares.—'The Friend.'

Dignity and Innocence.

This is the title of a beautiful picture photographed from farm life, which will adorn the front page of the 'Canadian Pictorial' for October. The picture shows a pretty child leading with a halter in the barnyard, two magnificent specimens of Hereford cattle. The photographer has succeeded in obtaining a very attractive picture, and one that will be especially enjoyed by farmers and lovers of stock. It will make a capital picture for framing. Other rural and farm-life scenes will be portrayed through the 'Canadian Pictorial.' Price one dollar to Dec. 31, 1907; ten cents on trial to Dec. 31, 1906, with coupon elsewhere in this paper. The 'Canadian Pictorial,' with the 'Northern Messenger,' one year each, only 75 cents, or for fifty cents additional, with any of the 'Witness' clubs by using special coupon on Page 16.

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To the End.

It is easier to look forward to serving Christ than to serve him now. Most of us would rather sing the lines in the hymn that run

'O Jesus, I have promised
To serve thee to the end,'

as though they read 'at the end.' Yet the only assurance we can give either to Christ or to ourselves that we shall want to be with him and serve him at the end is to live true to him to-day. Traitors of to-day are not likely to be loyal to-morrow. But loyalty to-day, to-morrow, and always, is made possible even to those of us who have often betrayed his love, because of the strength of that love which never betrays us.—'Sunday School Times.'

Beautiful Hands.

As a young friend was standing with us noticing the pedestrians, a very stylish young lady passed us. 'What beautiful hands Miss—— has!' exclaimed our friend.

'What makes them beautiful?'

'Why, they are small, white, soft, and exquisitely shaped.'

'Is that all that constitutes the beauty of the hand? Is not something more included in your catalogue of beauty, which you have not enumerated, to make the hand desirable?'

'Are they charitable hands? Have they ever fed the poor? Have they ever carried the necessities of life to the widow and orphan? Has their soft touch ever smoothed the irritation of sickness and the agonies of pain? Do the poor bless those rosy-tipped fingers as their wants are supplied by them?

'Are they useful hands? Have they been taught that the world is not a playground, or a theatre of display, or a mere lounging place? Do those delicate hands ever labor? Are they ever employed about the domestic duties of life—the homely, ordinary employments of the household? Or does the owner leave all that to the mother, while she nourishes her delicate hands in idleness?

'Are they modest hands? Will they perform their charities or their duties without vanity? Or do they pander to the pride of their owner by their delicacy and beauty? Does she think more of their display than the improvement of her mind and character, and the salvation of her immortal soul?

'Are they humble hands? Will their owner extend them to grasp the hand of that old schoolfellow who sat at the same desk with her, and on the same recitation bench, but who must now earn her living by her labor? Or will they remain concealed in their exclusiveness in her aristocratic muff as she sweeps by her former companions?

'Are they holy hands? Are they ever clasped in prayer, or elevated in praise? Does she ever remember the God who has made her to differ from so many other girls, and devote her mind, her heart, her hands to His service? Does she try to imitate her Saviour by going about doing good? Or are her hands too delicate, too beautiful, to be employed in good works? These are the qualities that make a hand beautiful.'—'Temperance League.'

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Mother's Silk Dress.

(Lily Manker Allen, in the 'Congregationalist and Christian World.')

The prairie 'dugout' was a palace of its kind. Though but a cellar-like hole in the ground with walls of sod two feet high all around, it boasted a board floor and roof, a four-pane glass window and a real door on hinges, and the sides were lined with tarred paper.

But there was a shadow over the dugout, for mother was sick, and when mother was sick, the sun that shone so brightly over miles and miles of waving prairie grass seemed to have lost its glory.

The four little Beswicks sat in a dejected row on the barn doorsill, thinking. At last Kitty spoke.

'Let's do something real, awf'ly nice for her,' she said.

'Yes,' cried Mollie, 'let's pick her some wild flowers, or make her some toast, or'—

'Toast nothin',' interrupted Fred, 'let's buy her a silk dress.'

'A silk dress!' cried Kitty and Mollie, aghast. It was as if Fred had proposed buying the beautiful white star that shone in at the dugout window every night.

But the idea fascinated them, nevertheless, and presently they could face it more calmly.

Fred had a precious gold dollar, Kitty a two-cent piece, Mollie a treasured silver half-dime, and little Chris a big old fashioned penny with a hole in it. None of them had ever owned any other money, but Fred was to begin next week to work for the blacksmith on the adjoining claim, and he felt rich already.

'Dear me, how dreadf'ly fine it would be,' sighed Kitty at last, 'but we couldn't ever get enough, unless'—she hesitated, 'unless Hal would help.'

'Hal,' repeated Fred, with fine scorn. 'He never spends a cent on anybody but himself. He doesn't care whether any of the rest of us ever have any good times or not. I shouldn't wonder if it's worry over him that's making mother sick.'

Silence fell upon the little group for awhile, and then Mollie rose.

'I guess I'll go and make the toast,' she said, 'we're sure of that, anyhow.'

'And I'll get her some wild flowers,' cried Kitty, 'Come on, Chris.' Chris obediently trotted after, amusing himself with chasing a great tumbleweed that was leaping and bounding over the prairie driven by the high south wind, while Kitty picked anemones and yellow Johnny-jumps up and purple sprays of 'shoestring,' with clusters of olive-shaped 'buffalo beans.'

Fred meanwhile had gone down to the cornfield to see if he might find something in the trap he had set last night.

All this time Hal Beswick lay in the barn loft, face downward in the hay. The shadow of his mother's sickness had dimmed his sunshine, too, and he knew, better than Fred, why his mother worried. Fred's words had come up through the barn door, 'He never spends money on anybody but himself.' It was true. Even now he was planning a forty-mile trip to the city to spend his earnings in fine 'store clothes,' and 'having a good time.'

Did mother ever long for pretty clothes, he wondered.

She never went anywhere except to the village church five miles away, and on an occasional week-day trip to market her butter and eggs, and upon these occasions she always wore the rusty black alpaca which it seemed to Had she had always worn. And yet somehow she always looked 'fixed up' in it. How would she look in a new silk dress?

What if he should take hold and help the youngsters out with their dream?

Whether it was the toast or the wild flowers or the prairie chicken Fred found in his trap, or whether it was because Hal had casually remarked that he had decided not to go to the city after all, certain it was that mother was better the next morning, and the sun shone with its old glory.

Mother on her birthday morning, two months later, had just put out her hand to receive from Kitty a bouquet of lady's slipper and bachelor's buttons fresh from the garden, when a purple and golden shower fell all about her, completely enveloping her.

'What in the world'—she began, grasping a handful of the heavy yellow silk over which purple roses were rioting.

Such a shriek as arose from the five young Beswicks!

Finally mother caught the words, 'A new dress—for you!'

'For me?' she gasped, gazing first at the gayly-figured silk and then at the five beaming faces.

'Yes, sir-ee!' shouted Fred, forgetting himself in his excitement, 'for you. The town schoolm'am wanted it awful—Hal showed it to her bringing it home on the train—but the whole town couldn't buy it.'

Mother's thoughts wandered away to the school teacher as she had seen her come into church in gorgeous array that made people smile; indulgently, to be sure, for the mistress was a dear little creature in spite of her love of finery, and she had no one to look after but herself. But the teacher was young and might be excused for carrying about such trumpery, while she herself—

And the money had gone into this elegant splendor, when they were needing petticoats and stockings! And where had it come from? Who—

Just then Hal slipped a ten-dollar bill into her hand. 'It's for a hat and linings and things,' he said, 'I thought it was time I quit spending everything on myself.'

The dazed expression passed from mother's face, and a glow overspread it.

'You've been saving all summer for this!' she cried, remembering her wonder that Hal had settled down and seemed so steady. Then she gathered the soft folds into her arms and hugged them. 'Thank you all,' she said, 'I never had a silk dress before, and this one will last me all my life long.'

Weeks passed by and the silken splendor lay unmade in the bottom of a box, with the ten-dollar bill folded inside.

When asked about it, mother put off the questions with one pretext or another; but sometimes when she was alone, she would go to the box and take out the soft fabric to stroke it lovingly and say: 'Those dear, silly children! What shall I do with it? A silk dress in a dugout—and such a silk!' And then she would laugh till she cried, over the embarrassment of her riches.

One morning in late summer, the sun shone yellow through a haze, as though Indian summer had come early. Next day people were gazing skyward, for millions of tiny particles seemed to be in motion high in air.

Could it be volcanic ashes?

On the third morning the moving particles had begun to settle. 'Grasshoppers!' exclaimed Hal, coming in with an anxious face.

Sure enough, inside of an hour the air was full of them.

Mother spread sheets and aprons over her cherished marigolds and lady-slippers, and over some of the choicest vegetables, and then retreated to the house to rid herself of the jerky things that filled her sunbonnet and caught in her hair.

Hal and Fred worked all day building 'smudges' of half-dried prairie grass around the cornfield, hoping to smoke the insects out of the thrifty waving corn that was to be the support of the family until next year.

But all night the grasshoppers could be heard in the cornfield, grating, grating, like fairies on a mammoth grater, and all next day the air was so thick with them that the children hardly ventured outdoors.

By the next morning the haze was in the air again, and on the fourth day the unwelcome visitors had disappeared, leaving desolation in their track. Not a vegetable remained, even the onions had vanished, leaving only little holes to show where they had been.

The very sheets and aprons mother had put over her flowers had been eaten through, while the cornfield stood like a skeleton army, with only the stalk and the middle rib of each blade to tell the story of the plenty that was to have been.

The four little Beswicks sat again on the barn doorsill, Hal stood near by, stroking Buttercup's nose.

They all understood how serious was the situation, and the same thought was in all their minds.

Finally, Hal spoke out.

'Being's we gave it to her, she wouldn't want to suggest it. But if she was willing to sell it, with what I've saved up to go to the State Fair there'd be enough to carry us over till next year.'

So a committee regretfully waited upon mother as she went about with a weight on her heart, the weight of responsibility for a living for six until the crops should come again.

The committee hesitated and stammered. She mustn't think they would mind so very much if—well, the school-ma'am had asked Hal to let her know if he should change his mind about selling the silk—and—and maybe they could get her another silk dress another year.

As if silk dresses grew on buffalo bean stalks!

Mother's face grew radiant. Yes, she could spare the dress for this year.

And she did! But when a few weeks later a brand-new yellow silk dress with purple roses trailing over it rustled down the aisle of the little church, five pairs of

eyes looked wistfully after it, and five sorrowful sighs arose.

Mother, sitting beside her tall son Hal and little Chris, in the rusty black alpaca she had worn ever since Hal could remember, sighed too, but hers was a sigh of relief and contentment.

Biggest Bug in the World,

To the Hercules beetle, a giant among insects, which is found in certain portions of Central and South America, as well as in the island of Dominica, one of the British West Indies, belongs the distinction of being the biggest bug in the world. In appearance this creature is anything but prepossessing.

It is a common trait of tourists and travellers to make little of anything seen in foreign lands, especially in the little West Indian islands, and to declare that similar things of greater size or better quality occur in 'God's country.' When they run across the Hercules beetle, however, they are obliged to acknowledge themselves beaten.

Although so formidable in appearance, this insect is perfectly harmless. It lives in the heavy forests and feeds on the sweetish sap or gum of native trees. The larva, or grub, is about four inches long, and as thick as a man's thumb, and looks like a hugh white maggot. It is considered a delicacy by the native negroes and caribs, who roast it in hot ashes and say that it tastes like roasted nuts.

Clumsy in appearance, the Hercules beetle possesses great powers of flight, and in the outlying villages it is not uncommon for one of these huge creatures to enter the native houses, being attracted thereto by the lights. The invariable result is a prompt extinguishing of the candle by the wind created by the beetle's buzzing wings, accompanied by screams of the inmates of the house, who imagine a jumble, or evil spirit, has invaded their dwelling.

A popular belief among the natives is that the Hercules beetle saws off limbs of trees by grasping them between the two horn-like appendages and flying round and round. This is a manifest impossibility, as the insect has but little power in the horns, and, moreover, the upper one is lined with a soft, velvety hair which would rub off by friction.—'Search Light.'

A True Story About a Horse.

When I was a little girl we lived in the country about a mile from the little schoolhouse. Every pleasant day we girls walked to school. When it was stormy my father generally carried us in the morning, and we stayed at school through the day.

Our horse Charley was very knowing and kind. He knew so well the way from our house to the school that he was often trusted to go alone.

Often toward the close of a stormy afternoon my father would harness the good horse to the waggon, take him to the road, and say, 'Charley, go and get the girls.'

Charley would trot down the road to the schoolhouse, would himself turn the waggon so that he was headed toward home, and there wait till school was out, when we climbed into the waggon, and drove home. There he was rewarded with loving words, pats, and apples. I am glad to remember that our faithful horse was always treated kindly. Father refused all offers to sell him, and he ended his days with us.—'Our Dumb Animals.'

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Who was it ?--The First Shipbuilder.

(Julia H. Johnston, in the 'North-western Christian Advocate.')

There was a shipbuilder once who built a ship on dry land. He never built but one, but he was the first man we hear of who built any at all. He had never seen one, and had no pattern. This made no difference, for his Father—God—told the man exactly how to build the vessel. It was to be a life-saving ship, and must be made in the very best way, and out of the best things. Not a poor bit of wood must go into that boat, and the builder must do his best. This he did.

He never would have thought of building this ship, far off from river or sea, but when God told him to do it, he obeyed. When God showed him how to do it, he did as he was told. He had faith in God. When the Lord said that by and by there would be a great flood of water on the earth, and that only those in the ship could be kept safe, the man was sure that it was all true. It was because he believed and obeyed God that he was chosen to build the ship and make a way for his family to be saved when the flood came.

It took him a long time to build the vessel. It had rooms and a window, and a door in the side, and places for animals and fowls. Food enough for all was stored away, and when the time came, God told the builder to take the animals and fowls into the ship, seven of some kinds and two of some, and then to go in himself, with his wife, three sons, and their wives. And God shut them in. Surely the builder must have invited others. When they would not come, and laughed at the ship on dry land, they had to be left outside.

Then the great rain fell, and the water rose above the highest mountains. But all in the ship were safe. Forty days and nights the flood lasted, and the earth was under water one hundred and fifty days.

At last a raven was sent out to see if it could live, and also a dove. The dove came back, and after seven days he sent another, which brought back an olive leaf. This showed that trees now grew above the water. Another dove sent out came back no more. Then, when the earth was dry, the shipbuilder and his family went out and built an altar to God, praising him for his goodness. And to show that God would keep his promise that there should never be another flood, he set in the sky the beautiful rainbow which we always see when the sun shines on a rain cloud.

And the Lord God said that summer and winter, day and night, should not cease.

What was the ship called which this man built far from the water, on dry land? What was the shipbuilder's name?

The Little Blue Spool.

There was once a little blue shuttle in a great loom that was weaving some beautiful silk cloth of many colors. You have seen a loom, have you not? You remember the long rows of silk threads called the warp; and the shuttles were spools of different colored threads. The little spools were shot through, between these threads, from right to left, from left to right, making the woof that bound the whole into a firm cloth. But one day a little shuttle, or spool, that carried a certain shade of blue thread, said to himself: 'There isn't very much blue, that I can see, in this silk. I don't believe I'm of much use anyway, and I'll just not work any more.' And he didn't. And when the silk was taken from the loom it was found that the silk was ruined, for there were great gaps in it where the little blue spool should have run through.

We all have a part in the great loom of life; and, like the little blue spool that spoiled the beautiful silk, we each must do our little share of work or spoil the whole web.—The 'Normal Instructor.'

A Mysterious Perfume.

It was Lois who first noticed it. She began to sniff as soon as she came in from school.

'What is it smells so good?' she asked. 'What are you cooking?'

'Nothing but potatoes,' her mother answered. 'I guess it's the wood in the oven. The kindlings seemed damp this morning, so I put some in to dry.'

'I never knew any wood smell like that; it's delicious!'

'Oh, what are we going to have for dinner?' cried Elliott, bursting into the kitchen with a clatter and a bang. 'I should think it was a sassafras soup by the smell!'

'Sassafras soup! What a boy!'

'Well it would be good! What is it anyhow?'

'It isn't sassasfras, for there isn't a tree on the farm, laughed Lois. 'I wish there were.'

'Who's eating wintergreen candy?' asked little Sophie. 'Give me some—do!' and the outer door opened and shut, letting in a whiff of fresh air.

'I declare, I believe I smell something now! It must be the wood.' Mrs. Alford sniffed at the oven door, 'I don't know whether it's here or not.' she concluded; 'but I must broil the steak—I know that!'

'Dinner smells good!' said the father, coming in breezily. 'What is it this time—Banbury turnovers or orange shortcake?'

The others laughed.

'We've all been fooled,' answered Lois. 'It's just beef-steak and potatoes and apple pie. Somebody has been perfuming the wood, I think. It ought to be the 1st of April.'

After dinner Elliott inspected the oven. 'I have it!' he exclaimed, triumphantly, inhaling the odor up and down the length of a small stick. 'It's this birch.'

The rest crowded around, and the wood passed from hand to hand.

'It smells just like wintergreen candy, anyway,' insisted Sophie, 'if you did laught at me!'

'I remember there was a small black birch in the corner of that swamp we've been cleaning up,' said Mr. Alford, 'and this must be a piece of it.'

'And Sophie isn't so far out of the way after all,' put in Elliott; 'for Mr. Thrall told me once that essence of wintergreen was often made from black birch.'

'Well, I'm not going to have a bit of that burned up!' declared Lois. 'We'll keep it to perfume the house. We can put it in that little oven on top of the parlor stove, and make everybody wonder what it is smells so good. It will be fun! Come on out to the woodshed, Elliott and Sophie, and let's pick out all we can find!'—Emma C. Dowden, in 'Morning Star.'

There is a difference between doing right and not doing wrong. One is turning our back on what is wrong, and the other is turning our face to what is right. The two are essentially distinct.

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LITTLE FOLKS

A Ride to London Town.

Now, Rover dear, if you are good,
We'll go for such a lovely ride;
I wish you were not quite so big—
You take up all the room inside!

But never mind, it can't be helped,
I'll find a little corner here,
And put my arm around your neck—
Now, aren't we cosy, Rover dear?

Gee-up! Gee-up! old Billy goat,
And take us quickly down the road:
He will not move a single step,
I 'spect we are a heavy load!
I must not scold him, for I know
That Billy always does his best;
He's dragged the cart a long, long way,
And maybe now he wants to rest.

But there! that needn't spoil our fun,
We'll make believe to ride to-day.
Ah! now we're off, along the road,
To London town and far away.
—'Our Little Dots.'

A Dinner-Pail Story.

Bessie Jones and Sallie Wattles lived so far from the school-house that every day they took their dinners with them. And such nice dinners, too—snowy bread, spread with sweet, golden butter; toothsome chicken or beef or hard-boiled eggs; great pieces of pie or cake, sometimes a big apple or two, or peaches, plums, or pears; sometimes grapes and sometimes strawberries; and pickles. Certainly the little girls never lacked for enough to eat and almost always they ate together.

'I wonder why it is,' said Sallie Wattles, one noon, 'that Kittie Burns always goes off by herself all alone to eat her dinner?'

'It is funny,' answered Bessie. 'Only yesterday I asked her to eat with us, but she blushed as red as a peony, said something I could not understand, and then went off alone, and I thought she was crying after she left me.'

'Perhaps she hasn't much to eat,' exclaimed Sallie, 'and is ashamed.'

'Oh! And that makes me remem," said Bessie, 'One day last week I saw her stub her toe, and all her dinner fell out of her pail. But there were only a couple of slices of bread, with no butter on them that I could see.'

'That's just it!' said Sallie.

For a moment both girls laughed away, and then both spoke at once.

'I say. Bessie!'

'I say, Sallie!'

Then they laughed, and Bessie said: 'I knew, Sallie, that you were going to say just what I was, that we'd take some of our fruit to poor Kittie Burns. There she is now by that big elm tree, and eating alone, as usual.'

After hastily brushing up the crumbs and putting away their pails, they ran over by the big elm tree.

'Oh, Kittie!' Sallie exclaimed, 'here's a red apple, more'n we could eat, and you must help us out with it. And can't you come over Sunday and go with me to Bessie's. We'll have such a nice time!'

Just then the teacher unexpectedly went by, and whether she did it purposely or not, I can not say, but she was humming loud enough for the little girls to hear:

'Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love.
Make this world an Eden
Like the heaven above.'

That noon hour was the beginning of a new life for Kittie, and wonderfully did she develop under its happy influence. And her widowed mother sang many a song when by herself alone, because of what Sallie and Bessie had done for her little fatherless girl.—'Zion's Herald.'

The Brook's Work.

(Cora E. Harris, in 'Presbyterian.')

One day a little brook tumbled out of its spring home on the side of a mountain and fell down, down, to a plain below. At first it was startled, but when it saw the same blue sky smiling down, and felt the same warm sunshine on its bosom, it felt quite at home in its new surroundings, and paused to listen to the voices all around.

'There is work to do,' whispered the trees, as they rocked the leaf buds in their cradles.

'There is work to do,' chattered a squirrel, as he whisked up a tree with his food.

'There is work to do,' hummed a bee, as she flew with her load of honey straight for the hive.

'There may be work for me to do,' said the little brook, so it started downward on its course.

Sometimes it ran so fast that it seemed to be flying away with the little white clouds overhead; then again it crept slowly under overhanging branches of the large trees, hiding from the sunbeams, and came forth dancing and laughing to play with them again.

The birds came to drink and to

bathe, and sang sweet songs with the little brook as it went merrily on its way.

Once it found a dam that some boys had made. It was fun to leap over that and set a little water-wheel turning at the same time.

While working and playing the brook grew so large that cattle, horses, deer, and other large animals came to drink and to stand in its cool waters. It even carried children along in rowboats where they wished to go.

Farther on the brook leaped over a great mill dam that men had made. It was so very large now that it could carry heavy logs to the sawmill. There, too, it turned a great water wheel that sent a saw flying to make the logs into boards and lumber. Bushels of corn and wheat were found waiting to be ground, so it gave the miller's wheel a turn as well.

The brook was now so very large that it was called a river. Nothing seemed too hard for it to do. Great steamboats were carried along as easily as tiny leaf-boats could be carried when it was smaller.

One day the river found itself slipping into the ocean, where it seemed as if it might be lost altogether. It sighed for its own mountain home, so very far away, when a fairy sunbeam whispered, 'Dear River, look upward, see the blue sky and the sun watching you still; they love you and will never let you be lost.'

She had scarcely ceased speaking when the sunbeam fairies threw down a multitude of golden chains to lift the river into the sky, higher than its mountain home, and there it may find other work to do.—'Presbyterian.'

Afraid of Spiders.

Carolyn jumped from her seat because a spider was spinning down before her from the ceiling. 'They are such hateful black things!' she said.

'They are curious black things,' said Aunt Nellie. 'They have eight eyes.'

'Dear me! and maybe she is looking at me with all eight of them,' groaned Carolyn.

'They are very fond of music.'

'I never shall dare to sing again, for fear they'll be spinning down to listen,' said Carolyn.

'They can tell you if the weather is to be fine or not. If it is going to storm, they spin a short thread; if it will be clear, they spin a long one.'

'That's funny."

'They are an odd family,' Aunt Nellie went on. 'I saw one on the window-pane the other day. She carried a little gray silk bag about with her wherever she ran. She had spun the bag herself. When it burst open, ever so many tiny baby spiders tumbled out like birds from a nest, and ran along with her. Perhaps you didn't know that the spider can spin and sew, too. She spins her web and she sews leaves together for her summer house.'

'What a queer thing a spider is!' said Carolyn, forgetting her dislike. —'Child's Hour.'

Quality, Not Place.

Said A, 'Whene'er I stand between
The letters B and D
I'm in the midst of all that's BaD,
As you may plainly see.'
'How strange!' said merry, laughing E,
'When I between them am,
I'm tucked up comfortably in BeD,
And happy as a clam.'
'It's quality within ourselves,'
Then mused the letter A,
'And not the place we occupy,
That makes us sad or gay.'
—Exchange.

What a Library Book Said.

'Once upon a time,' a library book was overheard talking to a little boy, who had just borrowed it. The words seemed worth recording, and here they are:

'Please don't handle me with dirty hands. I should feel ashamed when the next little boy borrowed me.

'Nor leave me out in the rain. Books, as well as children, can catch cold.

'Nor make marks on me with your pen or pencil. It would spoil my looks.

'Nor lean on me with your elbows when reading. It hurts.

'Nor open me and lay me face down on the table. You would not like to be treated so.

'Nor put in between my leaves a pencil or anything thicker than a single sheet of thin paper. It would strain my back.

'Whenever you are through reading me, if you are afraid of losing your place, don't turn down the corners of one of my leaves, but have a neat little bookmark to put in where you stop, and then close me, and lay me on my side, so that I can have a good, comfortable rest.

'Remember that I want to visit a great many other little boys after you are through with me. Besides, I may meet you again some day, and you would be sorry to see me looking old and torn and soiled. Help me to keep fresh and clean, and I will help you to be happy.' —Selected.

First and Best.

A little girl was playing with her doll while her mother was writing. After a while she called the child and took her on her lap. The little one said:

'I am so glad; I wanted to love you so much, mamma.'

'Did you, darling,' and she clasped her tenderly. 'I am glad my daughter loves me so; but were you lonely while I wrote? You and dolly seemed to be having a happy time together.'

'Yes, mamma; but I got tired of loving her.'

'And why?'

'Oh, because she never loves me back.'

'And that is why you love me?'

'That is one why, mamma; but not the first one or the best.'

'And what is the first and best?'

'Why, mamma, don't you guess?' and the blue eyes were very bright and earnest. It's because you loved me when I was too little to love back; that's why I love you so.'

This reminds us of the blessed verse John wrote: 'We love Him because He first loved us.' (1 John 4: 19.)—'Christian Intelligencer.'

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Correspondence

Dear Editor,—I am going to tell you about the trip mamma and I had last spring. We went to Los Angeles and Long Beach.

Long Beach is a very pretty place, and the best of it is there are no saloons there. While there I had a bath in the Pacific Ocean, and it was lots of fun.

Here is a Bible question: Where in the Bible is this verse found—'For the stone shall cry out of the wall, and the beam out of the timber shall answer it.'

Here is a conundrum: Why does President Roosevelt object to being buried in an Irish Cemetery.

R. HAZEL BORLAND.

B. C., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I haven't seen a letter in the 'Northern Messenger' from here, so I thought I would write. I have two brothers, John and George. I have one pet cat named Biddy. We have three cows and four horses. My father took the 'Messenger' when he was a little boy like me. I have just taken it a few weeks, and like it very much. I go to school every day, and will be 12 years old on the 25th of Jan. I am in the Fourth Book.

W. T. B.

W. N., P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I received the brooch that you sent me. I think it is lovely. Our Sunday school held their picnic the 21st of July, and it was a lovely day. We live about seven miles from the Gulf of St. Lawrence. I think the answers to Warren W. B.'s questions are:

No. 1—Adam.
No. 2—Timothy.
No. 3—Herod.
No. 4.—Elijah.
No. 5. Noah.
No. 6.—Solomon.

The name of his city is Athens. I will close wishing the 'Messenger' every success and thanking you very much for the pin and flag.

G. L. MUNN.

[Catherine Jane Ann MacKay, of G., Ont., sends in this answer correctly also.—Ed.]

A., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I go to Sunday school nearly every Sunday. I have seven baby rabbits which I have to feed with a spoon. The answer to Katie M. Murphy's riddle is 'A cow,' and the shortest verse in the Bible is St. John xi., 35th verse. I think the answer to Gordon McN.'s riddle is a churn. I will send some.

1. Why is a king's son like the water of a fountain?
2. What object looks most like a river?
3. Elizabeth, Elspeth, Betsy and Bess,
They all went together to seek a bird's nest.
They found a bird's nest with five eggs in,
They all took one and left four in.
If you tell me this riddle, I'll give you a pin.

DALTON BROOKE.

H. R., B.C.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I get it every Sunday at Sunday school, and think it is a very nice paper.

I think I know some of the riddles. Margaret S. asks how should this be read: YY U R YY U B I C U R YY 4me.

Too wise you are, too wise you be. I see you are too wise for me.

Iva S.'s riddle is 'What is the first thing a boy does when he gets in the water?'—Ans.—Get's wet.

Bertha N.'s is, 'Has a bed, but never sleeps, has a mouth but never speaks.' Ans.—River. James McW. asks, 'How many peas in a pint? Ans.—One. The answers to Helen G. W.'s riddles are: 1. Time to be fixed. 2. A minister.

I am thirteen years old. I wonder if any one else's birthday is on the same day as mine—February 12th.

I will end with a riddle. In the morning walk on four legs, at noon two legs, and at night three legs.

TINA R. CAMERON.

E., N.S.

Dear Editor,—I have taken the 'Messenger' two years, and have not written once, but I like the paper very much, and I always like to read the letters. Last year we moved to E., and I like this place very well. I am eleven years old and I take music lessons from my mother. I have two sisters and three brothers. We have a little dog, and his name is Spot; his head is all brown, and he has a spot on his back, and his tail is partly brown.

H. LECK.

R., Ont.

Dear Editor,—As I have never written to the 'Messenger' before, I thought I would now. We live on a farm, and there is a store on the corner of our farm, and a post office. I like going to school, and am in the third book. We have two miles to go to school. I like drawing and painting, and the teacher is teaching us how to draw and paint pictures, and she puts them on the wall.

FRED CAULFIELD.

H., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I get the 'Northern Messenger' at Sunday School, and enjoy reading the Correspondence very much.

I live on a farm about six miles from town. My dog's name is Collie. He is a great favorite of mine. We call our place the Mill Creek farm, and across the road is a beautiful park where we have our picnics.

HAROLD LOUGHEED.

[Your riddle was given before, Harold.—Ed.]

W., Ont.

Dear Editor,—Thank you for the Maple Leaf pin I received, I think it is very pretty. W. is growing rapidly. It has the cordage works of Plymouth, Mass., and the steel works, automobile works, and some more factories.

MURIEL NICHOLS (age 9.)

B., P. E. I.

Dear Editor,—I have just started to take the 'Messenger,' and like it very much. I go to school, and am in the third book. I have four sisters and three brothers, although I have just two sisters at home. I guess I will close with some riddles:

1. Why is the Prince of Wales like a cloudy day?
2. Where can happiness be found?
3. Why is the letter A like noon?

DOROTHY BELYEA (aged 8.)

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'Little Foxes.' Rachael Ross, T., N.S.
2. 'My Tea-set.' Josephine Austin (aged 8), D., Nebr.
3. 'Lena and I.' Mary Agnes McDonald (aged 15), N.S., N.S.
4. 'Pansies.' Mabel Moss., M. J., Sask.
5. 'Deer.' Welland Ravelle (aged 7), G. B., Ont.
6. 'Our House.' Emma Reesor (aged 13), C. G., Ont.
7. 'Robin and Cherries.' Sarah Reesor (aged 11), C. G., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Elsie Campbell, of Y., Ont., suggests these two texts to complete the unfinished Biblical alphabet: 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.' I. Cor. x., 12, and 'Set your affections on things above.' Col. iii., 2.

Norman Grant, of M.G., N.S., writes a short letter, and sends a riddle, but your riddle has been given before, Norman.

Christena May King, B., Ont., answers the questions given by Monita W. and Mary Bernard, and asks why a dog in an ice-chest is like a telegraph pole?

Edyth K., of Smith's Mills, also answers Moneta W.'s question.

Gertrude Barker, D., Ont., sends in two riddles, which have, however, been given and answered before.

Frederick Stelter, N., Assa., tells of some of the work done on their farm, and another busy boy is John H. Wiley, C., Ont. John looks after six cows and a horse, besides going to school.

Nellie Holland, A., N.S., writes a nice letter, and appears, from the books she reads, to have a good taste in reading. One needs always to cultivate that.

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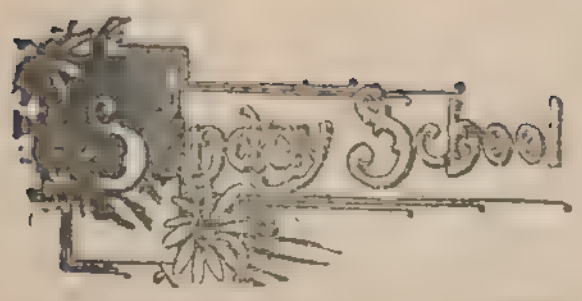

LESSON III.—OCTOBER 21, 1906.

The Parable of the Talents.

Matt. xxv., 14-30.

Golden Text.

A faithful man shall abound with blessings.—Prov. xxviii., 20.

Home Readings.

Monday, October 15.—Matt. xxv., 14-30.
Tuesday, October 16.—Luke xix., 11-28.
Wednesday, October 17.—John xv., 1-16.
Thursday, October 18.—I. Peter i., 3-14.
Friday, October 19.—I. Cor. iv., 1-13.
Saturday, October 20.—Luke xvi., 1-12.
Sunday, October 21.—Matt. xxiv., 42-51.

(By Davis W. Clark.)

There is a dash of Orientalism in this saying of Jesus. It is perfectly true to the conditions then maintaining. His Hebrew hearers knew perfectly well the status of the slave among Greeks and Romans. Some slaves were actually men of letters and professions. They had large endowments. Others were skilled artisans. They had medium gifts. Others were day-laborers, scarcely more than animated tools. The income, much or little, from these slaves belonged absolutely to their respective masters. But the matter of how and where the income should be produced was often left —not nominally, but really—to the slaves themselves; only they must produce a certain revenue and pay it to their masters, or suffer penalties for not doing so. The separation of master and slave was often complete; one not even seeing the other until such time as had been appointed for the accounting. Absenteeism of masters was as common as that of Irish landlords today. And there were no such means of intercommunication as we enjoy—no long-distance telephone, postal dispatch, or special delivery. . . . In the slave-owner's upbraiding of the delinquent slave we discover one method of trade then in vogue: 'You ought to have thrown my money on the table of the money-broker; then I would have had principal and interest.' Bible weights and measures are puzzling. Absolute accuracy with reference to them is almost out of the question. It is perhaps enough to say that the least sum mentioned is considerable; anywhere in round numbers from $1,000 to $2,000. The hiding of the talent in the ground is another dash of local coloring. It was not the age of banks and safety-deposit boxes; so there were many 'fields' in which treasure was 'hid.' . . . . The accounting-time was real and important to master and slave. The revenue for the support of his chateau or palace, the maintenance of his retinue, for all his power and pleasure, was gathered at such time. In proportion as his slaves had been industrious, he could meet bills falling due, and extend his plans for social and political prestige. It was a crucial hour for slave as well. If successful, he could expect to be correspondingly rewarded. If he could show no gains, he well know his master had power of life and death over him. It was an hour of real joy or fear. . . . The practical present-day bearing on human life of the parable is apparent. It emphasizes individualism as against institutionalism. Each has talents committed to his sole keeping. Each for himself is to increase his store. Each is to give a reckoning. The ordeal will be as searching as fire. Escape, evasion—impossible! Rewards and penalties will be commensurate, and administered by an even-handed equity. There will be degrees of reward, but the smallest degree will be transcendently great. Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, anything that will compare. The human mind is incapable of conceiving of the rewards of Paradise. . . . How desperate the strait of the unfaithful! What he has shall be taken from him; that is, it shall be revealed to himself and all the intelligences of heaven that the faculty with which he was endowed he has lost by persistent disuse of it. The spiritual visual sense is obliterated. The spiritual auricular nerves are dead. There is no avenue through which the soul can be reached. The state is remediless. The expulsion of such a soul from Paradise is a moral necessity. The taking away of the talent is only the discovering of the fact that it is already gone, 'extirpated by disuse.' The binding and casting out is only the judicial affirmation of a destiny already self-inflicted. The soul goes to its own place by a moral gravitation that is irresistible. Having taken the divergent line of inveterate neglect of the spiritual faculty, he winds up in a hell which is eternal because the very essense of it is the obliteration of the powers of the soul. . . . On the other hand, the faithful soul, having taken the right line of persistent use and development of the religious faculties, finds himself at length in a blissful state, from which lapse is impossible, and in which there is such a phenomenal development of the soul that he is qualified to perform functions for God, the nature of which is dimly conveyed to us by the terms kingship and priesthood to God, and being over ten cities and five cities.

THE TEACHER'S LANTERN.

The Parables of the Virgins, Talents, and Pounds set forth the substance of religious duty, and the opposite destinies of the faithful and unfaithful. They are a hand-book of ethics. Fundamental principles are epitomized in them. At the same time they are powerfully incentive to good, deterrent from evil. . . . Dean Trench discriminatingly says: 'Undoubtedly Christ bestowed marvellous and miraculous abilities on the apostles on the Day of Pentecost; but from that day to this he has ever been delivering his goods to each successive generation of his followers. The natural is the groundwork upon which the spiritual is superinduced. Grace does not dissolve the groundword of individual character. The natural gifts are as vessels which may be large or small, but in each case each is filled.' . . . . How tiresome the show of humility! 'So little is committed to me in the way of talent that it makes no odds whether I employ it or not.' The laggard hasn't wasted like the prodigal; isn't ten thousand talents in debt like the unmerciful servant. But here is an irreparable evil. The pound was given to be employed in a given period (probation); the opportunity for its employment gone forever, it can not be returned. Its value consisted in its employment and increase. . . . 'Take from him the pound' is one of the sharpest points of this bristling parable. This is what Horace Bushnell aptly calls the extirpation of the religious faculty by its non-use. . . . Silly, inexcusable, and profane appear the excuses of the laggard with his pound; yet not more so than the stock apologies of the average sinner of to-day: 'Religion is too severe;' 'Temptations too powerful;' 'Evidences of Christianity not sufficiently plain.' Such excuses criminate God; tax Him with austerity and reaping where He has not sown. . . . Jesus reveals the truth that man is God's servant. What he has he holds in trust for his Maker. He is not an original, independent proprietor. He holds nothing in fee simple. He is to occupy, use, and increase. But an account of stewardship is ever impending. This accounting-time is the assize of the soul. It is to be kept always in view. One is to be instantly ready for it. . . . Here, however, is no harsh, unreasonable, and purely technical reckoning. Nothing can surpass Jesus' radiant portraiture of Him with whom all souls have their final dealings. Nothing is hid from his omniscience, true, but it is a benevolent knowledge. It is so all-inclusive as to descend to the very hairs of one's head. It bids the child of God take no anxious care. He who sustains the soul in being, will provide bodily comforts. He who notes sparrows and lilies, will not neglect immortals. The principles of absolute equity will be observed in the final accounting. He will not attempt to reap where he has not sown. A reasonable increase only will be demanded. The ratio between the knowledge and the stripes will be accurate. . . . The use of the probationary life, as related to the life immortal, is finely expressed in the lines,—

'Since I am coming to that room,
Where with the choir immortal,
I shall make thy music when I come,
I tune the instrument here at the door,
And what I must do there, think here before.'

. . . Jesus' faithful servants are to be exalted to highest rank conceivable. The revelator saw thrones for the faithful. They shall be rulers. . . . The wisdom learned in humble spheres shall be useful to the mighty Governor of a universe. His stewards, exalted, shall share with Him in some form of dominance over all intelligences. 'Such a promise let no one contemplate except when clothed in the profoundest humility.' . . . It admits of question whether the destiny of the kingdom of heaven is not in the hands of the disciples—not relatively, but absolutely—and whether this is not the full meaning of the words: 'Delivered his goods and went into a far country.' If this be so, it is a mighty incentive to fidelity. . . . A company of tourists amused themselves by calling to the cliffs of Mount Desert Island, 'Captain Kidd, where's your money hid!' The Echo's answer came back, as if in mockery, 'Money's hid!' . . . Men are still burying talents. What splendid pearls of genius have been dissolved in the bowl! How true the German proverb, 'The bowl has swallowed more than the sea!' What almost unlimited possibilities of goodness, beauty, and usefulness have come to nothing in mere human animalism! . . . It is hazardous to say we will be rewarded for fidelity, irrespective of whether there is anything to show for it or not. Fidelity ought to show fruit.

KEY AND ANALYSIS.

I. Parable of the Talents:
(1) Its local Oriental coloring. (2) Semi-independent status of slaves among Greeks and Romans. (3) Varying gifts of slaves. (4) Separation of master and slaves. (5) Accounting time. (6) Significance of it to master and slave. (7) Rewards and penalties.
II. Present-day bearing of Parable:
(1) Individualism vs. Institutionalism. (2) Career of each steward traced. (3) Extirpation by disuse. (4) Phenomenal spiritual development.

C. E. Topic.

Sunday, October 21.—Topic—Faithfulness. Luke xvi., 10; I. Cor. iv., 1-5; Rev. ii., 10. (Honorary members' meeting.)

Junior C. E. Topic.

THE BIBLE FOUND.

Monday, October 15.—Repairing God's house. II. Kings xxii., 3-7.

Tuesday, October 16.—The Bible found. II. Kings xxii., 8.

Wednesday, October 17.—The Bible read. II. Kings xxii., 10.

Thursday, October 18.—Inquiring of the Lord. II. Kings xxii., 13-20.

Friday, October 19.—Obeying the Bible. II. Kings xxiii., 1-3.

Saturday, October 20.— Loving God's word. Ps. cxix., 89-93.

Sunday, October 21.—Topic—The lost Bible found. I. Kings xxii., 8-13.

'Do not Swear, But Fight.'

We have received the following:—
Sir Wilfrid Lawson wrote me the following lines in 1898. I don't think they have ever been printed.—Yours truly,
G. W. SHARMAN.
Castle Hill, Sheffield, July 4th, 1906.

'Do not Swear, but Fight.'

'While a company of cowboys, etc., were marching carelessly through the Cuban woods they fell into a Spanish ambush, and when the bullets began to fly around them they indulged in very violent language, whereupon the Colonel said: Do not swear, but fight.'

'The cowboys in the ambush caught
Used works of rage and spite,
Then came the Colonel's warning words
"Don't swear, my boys, but fight."

'Thus often in this curious world
When struggling for the right,
To those who shout I've longed to say,
"Don't shout, my boys, but fight."

'Tis well enough with swelling words
The Liquor Trade to damn,
But if you will not vote it down
Your swearing's all a sham.

'So let it work within your minds
And this advice please note,
To shout and swear is little good
Unless you also vote.

'Then, when your ballots hot and strong
Against the foe are thrown,
With right triumphant over wrong
The day will be your own!'
—'Temperance League Journal.'

A Soldier's View of the Liquor Question.

General Fred Dent Grant, of the U. S. Army, now in command of the Department of the East, with headquarters on Governor's Island, New York, gave an interview recently to a representative of the New York 'Defender,' in which he states his reasons for being a total abstainer.

General Grant is a son of the late President Grant, and is one of the most honored and trusted officers in the American Army.

From the 'Defender's' report of the interview we take the following:—

'All right,' said General Grant. 'I will discuss that question, not as a general in the United States Army, but as an individual. Have I a message to the young men of this country? Here it is:—

"Tell the young men, through your paper, that General Grant does not drink a drop of liquor—has not for 18 years; because he is afraid to drink it.

'Now you listen,' continued the General. 'When I was a boy, at school, and at West Point, I was made a pet because of the greatness of my father. I was given every opportunity to drink, and I did drink—some. As I got older and mixed with men, war-scarred veterans who fought with my father would come up, and, for the sake of old times, ask me to celebrate with them the glory of past events, and I did—some. Then when I was made Minister to Austria, the customs of the country and my official position almost compelled me to drink always. I tried to drink with extreme moderation, because I knew that alcohol is the worst poison a man could take into his system; but I found out it was an impossibility to drink moderately. I could not say, when drink was placed before me, "No, I only drink in the morning, or at certain hours." The fact that I indulged at all compelled me to drink on every occasion, or be absurd. For that reason, because moderate drinking is a practical impossibility, I became an absolute teetotaler—a crank, if you please. I will not allow it, even in my house. When a man can say, "I never drink," he never has to drink, is never urged to drink, never offends by not drinking. At least that is my experience.'

Then the General supplemented what he had said with this note: 'Remember, I did not say "moderate drinking" is harmful. Fact is, maybe, it isn't so harmful, but this fact is indisputable, that the hard drinker was once a moderate drinker, and the chances are all against a moderate drinker, remaining such, and I—well, I, for one, dont' propose to take such chances.'

Then the General got thoughtful. He scraped the end of his chin with his pince-nez.

'Yes, sir,'—this in soliloquy. 'Yes, I know a man—maybe two or three—who died moderate drinkers. The stuff didn't seem to hurt them much. But the poor devils that I know, scores and scores of them, intelligent men, talented and all that, who have been ruined, disgraced, by the greatest curse of Christendom—drink! Ah, the picture is a sad one.'

Then he straightened up, and in a louder voice continued:

'In many respects a hard drinker is a safer man in the army—and elsewhere, too—than a moderate drinker. That is, one who gets drunk once a year or so. You see a hard drinker is known. No important commission is ever his to execute. But your moderate drinker, why, he's apparently capable. On the surface he's all right. Consequently he's given an important duty to perform. Then he drinks. He's sure to just at that critical time, to steady his nerves—infernal idiocy—and fails ignominiously to himself and his family and disastrously to others. Have I made it clear?'

'You have called drink the greatest curse of Christendom, General; that's a strong—'

'A strong term you were going to say,' interrupted General Grant, bending over his desk and almost jabbing that pince nez of his into the interlocutor's face. 'Strong, you say? You can't make it too strong. Listen: Drink is the greatest curse, because practically all crime and all disaster are the result of it. Nearly every great calamity in the country, barring accidents of nature, is due to drink. There's a railroad accident, say, 20 people are killed. Some man had a case of nerves or went to sleep; and I wager that, if the truth were known, an empty flask could be found near the cause of the accident. Ninety-five per cent.—I will make it no less—ninety-five per cent. of desertions and acts of lawlessness in the army is due to drink; but I'll speak of that later. Vice is simply drink in another form. Whoever heard of a saloon completely divorced from the "white slave traffic," or a house of infamy without a bar? When I see a man go down the street under the influence of liquor I know that man is not only a drunkard, but he is morally wrong—an incompetent, not dependable, irresponsible. Drink is alluring, is damnable, it is a monster of——'

The General broke off and quoted that famous quotation of Pope, thumping the desk before him at the end of each word in the last line, 'We-first-endure, then-pity, then-embrace.'

'If I could' —and this was said in a mighty hushed and solemn voice—'if I could, by offering my body a sacrifice, free this country from this fell cancer, the demon drink, I'd thank the Almighty for the privilege of doing it.'

'You mentioned a moment ago, General, that ninety-five per cent. of the desertions, etc., of the army are due to drink. The official statistics for 1905 give 35 per cent., do they not?'

The General held up to view a bunch, a hundred or more, of court-martial reports which he had received during the month of April.

'Let me read a few of them to you,' he said. 'Here is one, the first one. By this report we learn that Corporal B—— has been absent for 13 days. His conduct heretofore has been good. No reason given for his action. Now, down here under the "remarks" we further learn that he was a "moderate drinker."

'Now, my experience tells me this, that while Corporal B—— is under a charge of desertion it really is drunkenness. It is more than probable that, on receiving his last pay, he entered some low joint, was drugged, or drank to excess, woke up next morning his money gone, disgraced, and not daring to come back because of his loss of self-respect, took French leave.

'Take other cases. Private Y——, "asleep on guard"; Private B——, "disobedient." Both men undoubtedly drunk, because they wouldn't do that when sober. But the charge against them is not drunkenness, it is respectively "insubordination" and 'dereliction in duty.' But I know in both cases it was drunkenness, and therefore put it down as such.

'Give me the sober man, the absolute teetotaler, every time. He's dependable. If I had the greatest appointive powers in the country,' emphatically concluded the General, rising, 'no man would get even the smallest appointment from me unless he showed proof of his absolute teetotolism. As it is, my own appointees, the members of my staff, not one of them touches a drop. They know better.'

The Friendly Hand.

When a man ain't got a cent, an' he's
feelin' kind o' blue,
An' the clouds hang dark an' heavy, an'
won't let the sunshine through,
It's a great thing, O my brethren, for a
feller just to lay
His hand upon your shoulder in a friendly
sort o' way!

It makes a man feel curious; it makes the
tear-drops start,
An' you sort o' feel a flutter in the region
of your heart.
You can't look up an' meet his eyes; you
don't know what to say,
When his hand is on your shoulder in a
friendly sort o' way.

O, the world's a curious compound, with
its honey an' its gall,
With its cares an' bitter crosses; but a
good world, after all.
An' a good God must have made it—least-
ways, that's what I say
When a hand rests on my shoulder in a
friendly sort o' way.
—James Whitcomb Riley.

Better be Dumb.

In the year 1891, the highly honored author of Prohibition, General Neal Dow, penned the following over his own signature for the public press:

'The liquor traffic exists in this country to-day, by the sufferance of the membership of the Christian churches. They are the masters of the situation, so far as the abolition of the traffic is concerned.

'When they say "go" and vote "go" it will go. Is that true? Then the responsibility rests entirely upon the churches for the poverty, pauperism, degradation, wretchedness and crime which curse the nation and the people.'

'Better be mum
And always dumb
Than pray like some;
"Thy kingdom come"
Then vote for rum.'
—'Western Christian Union.'

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HOUSEHOLD.

'Sometime Somewhere.'

'And shall not God avenge His own elect, which cry day and night unto Him, though He bear long with them? I tell you that He will avenge them speedily.'—Luke xviii., 7, 8.

Unanswered yet? the prayer your lips have pleaded
In agony of heart these many years?
Does faith begin to fail? is hope departing,
And think you all in vain those falling tears?
Say not, the Father hath not heard your prayer,
You shall have your desire, sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? though when you first presented
This one petition at the Father's throne
It seemed you could not wait the time of asking,
So urgent was your heart to make it known,
Though years have passed since then do not despair;
The Lord will answer you sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Nay, do not say ungranted,
Perhaps your part is not yet wholly done.
The work began when first your prayer was uttered,
And God will finish what He has begun.
If you will keep the incense burning there,
His glory you shall see sometime, somewhere.

Unanswered yet? Faith cannot be unanswered.
Her feet are firmly planted on the Rock;
Amid the wildest storms she stands undaunted,
Nor quails before the loudest thunder shock.
She knows Omnipotence has heard her prayer,
And cries, 'It shall be done,' sometime, somewhere!

—Robert Browning.

A Doomed Army.

'Tramp, tramp, tramp! the boys are marching.' How many of them? Sixty full regiments, every man of which will, before twelve months shall have completed their course, lie down in the grave of a drunkard! Every year during the past decade has witnessed the same sacrifice; and sixty regiments stand behind this army, ready to take its place. It is to be recruited from our children, and our children's children.

'Tramp, tramp, tramp!' the sounds come to us in the echoes of the footsteps of the army just expired; tramp, tramp, tramp! the earth shakes with the tread of the host now passing; tramp, tramp, tramp! comes to us from the camp of the recruits. A great tide of life flows resistlessly to its death.

What are they fighting for? The privilege of pleasing an appetite, of conforming to a social usage, of filling sixty thousand homes with shame and sorrow, of loading the public with the burden of pauperism, of crowding our prison houses with felons, of distracting from the productive industries of the country, of ruining fortunes and breaking hopes, of breeding disease and wretchedness, of destroying both body and soul in hell before their time.

Meantime the tramp, tramp, tramp, sounds on—the tramp of sixty thousand yearly victims. Some are besotted and stupid, some are wild with hilarity, and dance along the dusty way, some reel along in pitiful weakness, some wreak their mad and murderous impulses on one another, or on the helpless women and children whose destinies are united to theirs, some stop in wayside debaucheries and infamies for a moment, some go bound in chains from which they seek in vain to wrench their bleeding wrists, and all are poisoned in body and soul, and all are doomed to death.

Wherever they move, crime, poverty, shame, wretchedness, and despair hover in awful shadows. There is no bright side to the picture. We forget—there is just one. The men who make this army get rich. Their children are robed in purple and fine linen, and live upon dainties. Some of them are regarded as respectable members of society, and they hold conventions to protect their interests! Still the tramp, tramp, tramp goes on, and before this article can see the light, five thousand more of our poisoned army will have hidden their shame and disgrice in the grave.—'Scribner's.'

Quantities Needed in Serving.

If one person eats a certain amount, how much will twenty-five people eat? Or if one quart serves a certain number, how many quarts will be required to serve half as many people, or five times as many people, as the case may be? Several factors enter in that make it impossible to fix these quantities with accuracy.

In the first place, a great deal depends upon the nature of the function. In serving a salad, for instance, it makes a difference whether it is for a ladies' luncheon, an afternoon tea, a Sunday school picnic, or a lodge dinner, even though the same number of people are served. Not only do differences occur according to the nature of the function and the kind of people who attend it, but fully as much do they depend upon the other food served on the same occasion, and the manner of serving.

A difficulty frequently encountered is that many books and recipes fail to tell how many people the proportions given will serve, or how much of the finished product they make. The latter can be easily ascertained by adding the amount of the ingredients, making allowance for the dissemination of liquid and semi-liquid dressings and sauces with dry stuff, and sometimes for loss in prolonged cooking.

We find, nevertheless, that some of the foods served ordinarily at social functions may to a certain extent be grouped. In one group the basic ratio is one quart of finished product for every six or eight people; the actual number may be larger. In this connection it is a further convenience to know about what raw weight of the foundation ingredient is necessary for a certain amount of the finished product. Here again there exists a variable in the recipe used, and the estimate can only be approximated. We may enumerate:

Chicken Salad.—Four pounds of fowl to make a quart of salad, ten pounds of fowl for twenty-five people.

Lobster Salad.—Two lobsters to every quart of salad.

Salmon Salad.—Three pounds of fresh salmon for twenty-five people.

Shad-Roe Salad.—One pair of roe to six or eight people.

Sweetbread Salad.—One pound of sweetbread to six or eight people.

Aspic and Other Jelly Molds.—One quart to six or eight people.

Buillon.—Hot, one quart will serve eight persons; jellied, one quart will serve six persons.

Ice-Cream.—Mousse Biscuit or Parfait.—One quart will serve six or eight people.

In serving ice-cream, it may be noted that by ordering bricks already cut, arrangements may be made with some firms, provided it is stipulated in advance, for returning any unused portions to be called for on the same or the following day. To do this the portions must be of standard size, six to the brick. If cut in seven or eight pieces, the firm is not likely to be able to dispose of the left-over portions, and as these could not be used without freezing, the entire amount ordered must be sold outright. Averages for other refreshments are:

Lemonade.—Ten quarts to fifty people.

Frappe and Sherbert.—Two to three gallons to fifty people, varying with the manner of serving, on account of the melting.

Tea.—Served with other things, one gallon to fifty people.

Coffee.—Twenty-five to forty cups to a gallon.

Chocolate.—Twenty-five to thirty cups to a gallon, half a pound of chocolate.

Whipped cream.—One quart will yield twenty-five spoonfuls.

Loaf Sugar.—One pound for twenty-five people.

Berries.—Seven to ten quarts for fifty people.

Sugar for Berries.—Two pounds for fifty people.

Cake, varying with the kind, size and manner of cutting.—Cut in quarters, then

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sliced, a large round cake may serve between eight and twenty-five people.

Plum Pudding.—One pound to four people.

Fruit Cake.—Three to six ounces make one serving.

Wafers, varying with the kind, when other cakes are served. Three boxes to fifty people. Small cakes are usually sold by number.

Olives are computed by number, to suit an occasion. There are two hundred and two hundred and ten in a quart bottle.

Salted Nuts.—One and a half to two pounds for twenty-five people.

Bonbons.—One pound for sixteen people.

Timbales and Paties.—Twenty-five may be filled from a quart of mixture.

Croquettes.—One and a half quarts of meat make croquettes for twenty-five people.

Oysters, by number.—Four to a person; used chopped, two quarts for twenty-five people.

Welsh Rabbit.—Three pounds of cheese for ten people, varying greatly with the cheese and recipe used.

Chicken or Turkey.—Twenty-five pounds dressed for fifty people. Most roasts weigh two or two and a half times more raw than the net weight of meat after roasting.

Sandwiches, made from sandwich loaf, loaves varying and thicknesses of sandwiches varying roughly:

Two whole sandwiches after cutting serve three people.

Twenty-four sandwiches may be counted to a loaf.

One pound of butter to three loaves.

One pint of other fillings to one loaf.

While it would be impossible to give a complete list, a novice may find in these estimates a basis for further computation. —'Good Housekeeping.'

Religious Notes.

A beautiful work that is being done for the children of the poor is described by the New York 'Christian Herald.' On a high rocky bluff overlooking East River at New York, has been established a fresh air camp for sick babies. Any little one who is not suffering from a contagious disease will be received and cared for free of charge. 'It is expected that much educational work among the mothers will be possible, and the staff of nurses seize every opportunity to instruct them how to bathe and feed the infants. Boston and Chicago have similar camps, but this is the first in New York, and it is conducted not only for present results, but also as an experiment, with a view to demonstrating what can be done to keep down infant mortality, and with the hope of establishing Fresh-Air Camps in many localities all along the waterside, in summers of the future.'

In the city of Che Foo there is a unique phase of missionary service. This is the school for deaf children in charge of Mrs. A. T. Mills. It was inspiring to see these Chinese boys proving that they can be taught as successfully as American children in all the branches of the common school, and to hear them articulate clearly words of greeting and farewell. We found some of them serving most acceptably as trusted and capable servants in some of the homes of foreigners in Che Foo. It is also important to note how this education destroys superstitions about the deaf children, whom the Chinese consider possessed of evil spirits. This is a work most worthy of assistance. Its blessings in China are manifold.—New York 'Observer.'

'Half a loaf is better than no bread,' and it is likely that many a Hindu bitterly reproaches the educationists in India who in giving them the education of civilization to-day, have of necessity taken away their trust in their old religion, without offering them the higher instead. The 'Christian' notices this fact as a further call for missionary effort. 'Many thousands of intelligent Indians are being educated by our Government on a purely secular basis, which means that they are educated out of a belief in their own religion without any training in the Christian faith. This throws the responsibility of the religious education of India on the Churches. While much good work is being done by the various missionary agencies in that country, the machinery is totally inadequate to overtake the needs. As Mr. Slater says, in the 'British Congregationalist': 'Would that the situation in India were so realized at home that there should be no lack of cultivated and Christian men to offer for this difficult but promising field of labor!'

For the Busy Mother.

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